

## GARLAND,

OF

## NEW SONGS,

CONTAINING.

1. Tom Moody.
2. Patrick O'Stern.
3. The despairing Damsel.
4. The Sea-boy on the giddy Mast.
5. Mr. Mullins and Mills Whack.



*Tom Moody.*

**Y**OU all know Tom Moody, the whipper-in, well ;  
 the bell just done tolling was honest Tom's knell,  
 A more able sportsman ne'er follow'd a hound,  
 Through a country well known to him, fifty miles round.  
 No hound ever open'd, with Tom near the wood,  
 But he'd challenge the tone, and could tell if't was good ;  
 And all with attention would eagerly mark,  
 When he cheer'd up the pack, " Hark ! to Rockwood  
 hark ! hark !

" High !—wind him ! and cross him !  
 " Now Rattler, boy !—Hark !"

Six crafty earth-stoppers, in hunter's green dress'd,  
 Supported poor Tom to " an earth" made for rest ;  
 His horse, which he sty'd his " Old Soul," next appear'd  
 On whose forehead the brush of his last fox was rear'd ;  
 Whip, cap, boots, and spurs, in a trophy were bound,  
 And here and there follow'd an old straggling hound.  
 Ah ! no more at his voice yonder vales will they trace !  
 Nor the Wrekin resound his first burst in the chase !

With " High over !—Now press him !  
 " Tally ho !—Tally ho !",

Thus Tom spoke his friends ere he gave up his breath !  
 " Since I see you're resolv'd to be in at the death,  
 " One favour bestow—'tis the last I shall crave :  
 " Give a rattling view halloo thrice over my grave ;



“ And, unless at that warning I lift my head,  
 “ My boys, you may fairly conclude I am dead !”  
 Honest Tom was obey'd and the shout rent the sky,  
 For ev'ry voice join'd in the tally ho ! cry.

“ Tally ho ! hark forward !

“ Tallo ho ! Tally ho !”

*Patrick O'Stern.*

**W**HEN the rude yell of war had ceas'd its loud  
 thunder,

And peace on the land cast its sweet smiling ray ;  
 Then Britain, of nations the envy and wonder,

At sea held its power, its dominion and sway :

Poor Patrick O'Stern—now discharg'd from his duty,

Had hoarded his prize money, pay and his booty—

Himself, and his wealth, to resign to his beauty—

The pride of fair Wicklow—sweet Catherine O'Gray !

Those hands are soon join'd where the hearts are united,

And fair looks the house, where love dwells within :

Their hours pass'd in joy—both delight and delighted

Was Patrick with Kate, and Catherine with him :

But war soon broke out ; the press-gang assail'd him ;

His griefs all prevail'd, his courage had fail'd him,

Nought the tears of his wife or his children avail'd him ;

He was torn from the arms of sweet Catherine O'Gray !

You in peace now that hear this sad true relation,

And pity with me the poor sailors' fate ;

Those pillars of war—that uphold your great nation ;  
 Preserving your King, your church, and your state—  
 Drop a tear for poor Catherine—dejected—forsorn :  
 Whose heart like the billow in tempest was torn,  
 O'er her two lovely boys, left in anguish to mourn !  
 Whilst her Patrick in tears was torn from his Kate !

But view the reverse !—the wars now are ended,  
 And Patrick arrives, rich in wealth and in fame ;  
 His Catherine, dejected, poor, and unfriended,  
 He finds—yet in health and in virtue the same ;  
 His boys, by the parish maintain'd bold and hearty,  
 Now clasp'd in his arms, make glad the blithe party ;  
 No words can their joy, their bliss here impart t'ye !  
 Then blest be of Providence the pow'r and the name !

*The despairing Damsel.*

SOMETIMES the sea-beat shore I  
 tread,  
 And now the wood, the desert rove ;  
 The cliff, the tree, the cavern dread,  
 Have heard full oft the tale of love.

Full oft: yet though no pity dwells,  
 In frowning cliffs or forest lorn,



The rock my story ne'er repels,  
The tree waves not its head in scorn.

Oh ! smile not at the tortur'd mind,  
That midst this dreary scene complains;  
In nature that can be less kind  
Than him who in this bosom reigns ?

Though no pity dwells in frowning cliffs  
in forest lorn,  
The rock my story ne'er repels  
The tree waves not its head in scorn.

*The Sea boy on the giddy Mast.*

**T**O England's tow'rs of oak farewell;  
No more for me shall be unfurl'd,  
The canvass in the gale to swell,  
The ocean is no more my world;  
Yet there life's earliest years I fearless pass'd,  
A sea-boy on the high and giddy mast,

There oft to cheer the midnight hour,  
The helmsman, with a fancy ree,  
His ditty to the waves would pour,  
Of love on shore, or storms at sea;

And how the sea-boy 'midst the rattling  
blast,  
Keeps station on the high and bending  
mast.

Dear were the sounds, though rude and  
hoarse,  
Of "Helm, a lee," or "Helm a-weather,"  
To bring the vessel to her course,  
And keep the sails well fill'd together ;  
While on the look-out far my eyes were  
cast,  
A sea-boy on the high and giddy mast.

*Mr. Mullins and Miss Whack.*

ON Ireland's ground, seat of true hospitality,  
One Pat Mullins liv'd till he died—poor man !  
A martyr he fell to his conviviality,  
And the last thing he grasp'd was a flowing can !  
" 'Tis the spirit my dear,  
" Of whiskey that's here ;  
" Then take Paddy Mullins by the hand !  
" let my own spirit move  
" With the spirit I love ;  
" And Mullins is at your command,  
" Mister ——at your command !"  
Sing, roughinsha stockingsha roand leum whack.

Poor Pat left behind him, in grief's formality,  
 One ugly small boy, and its name it was Jack ;  
 And he was in love to all dismality,  
 With an ugly old maid, they call'd Noreen Whack !  
 Ogh this pretty brown fair,  
 With her sooty black hair,  
 Took little Jacky Mullins by the hand ;  
 But how the folks all star'd,  
 When this couple were pair'd !  
 And old Fogerty strok'd his band,  
 Mr. Mullins touch'd the priest's hand.  
 Sing, roughin'sha, &c.

Then poor Jacky's eye (for Nature's nigg'rality  
 Had stinted poor Mullins, and he had but one)  
 Like a gooseberry sparkled, and Nature's liberality  
 Stretch'd his mouth like a horse-shoe ; his nose it was  
 long,  
 But then little Miss Whack  
 Had a hump on her back ;  
 And her joints loop'd together on slings ;  
 For between you and I,  
 She was like a goose pie,  
 All gibblets and gizzards, and wings !  
 Miss Whack all gibblets and wings.

This ugly sweet pair, join'd in connubiality,  
 So nate they agree, like the dog and the cat ;  
 Yet their quarrels are manag'd with such mutuality,  
 If she raises her fist, he knocks her down flat.

Cups, saucers, joint-stools,  
 Pots, pans, working-tools,  
 Mrs. Mullins whacks at the head of poor Jack !

So let them fight it out,  
 Break an arm, bruise a snout ;  
 Good night Mr. Mullins and Miss Whack,  
 Sing, roughinsha, &c.

F I N I S.

